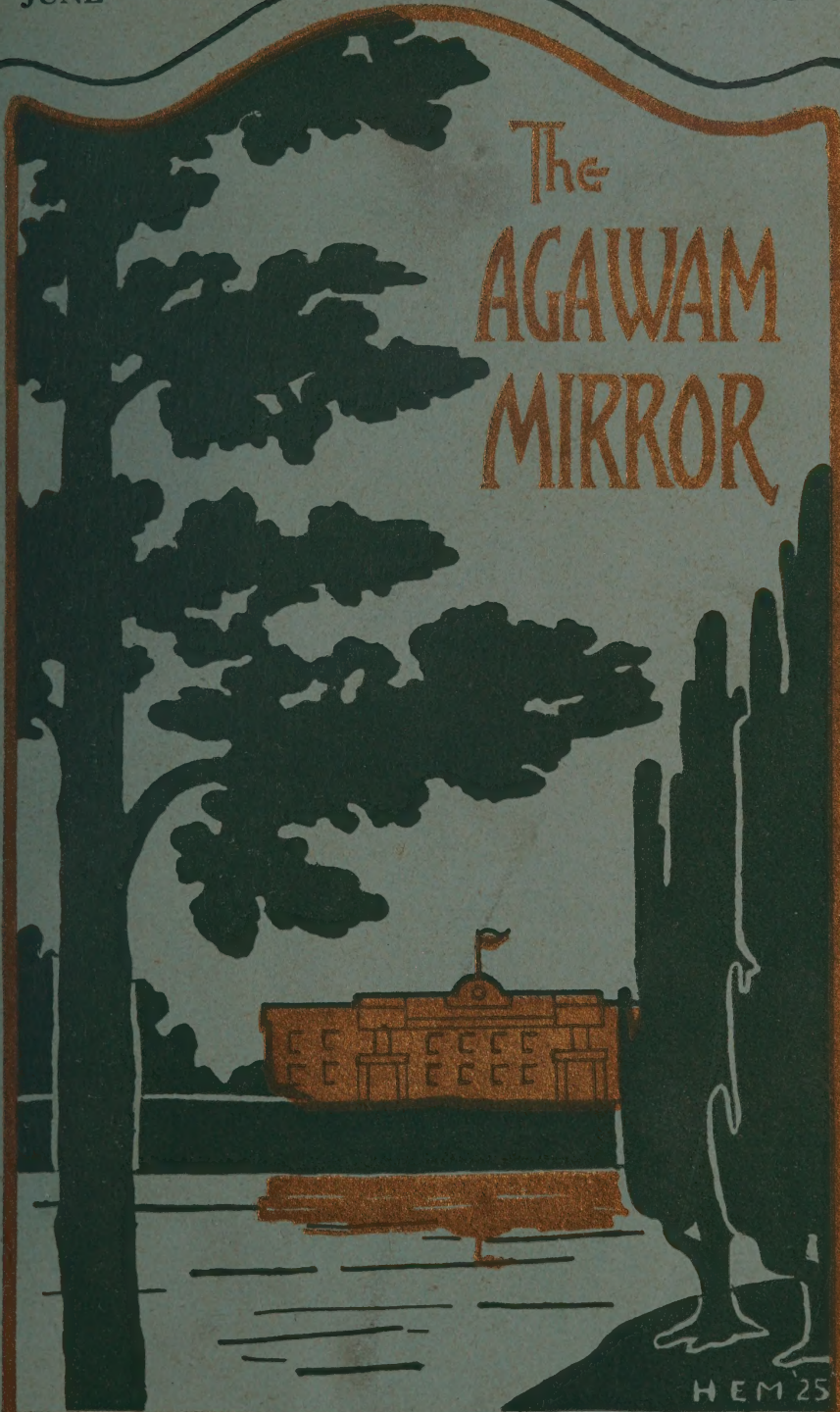


JUNE

1931

The AGAWAM MIRROR



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The AGAWAM MIRROR

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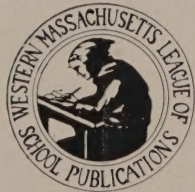
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By ALMA SMITH

Splash! Another bandy-legged young Agawam made a frogdive which many a famous Olympic star might right well praise. Two seconds later, he came popping up, squirting water like a young whale. With an expert over-hand stroke, he was soon back at the diving board which jutted out of the low-hanging bushes along the edge of the pond. Other swimmers, big and little, were splashing around letting off carefree yells, and ducking one another.

As the raft that I was sunning myself on, trying my best to get that nice shore-tan that you read about, quietly floated away with the rippling waves made by the nearby swimmers, I felt as safe as if I were in my own bed at home.

The loud guffaws, splashes, and cries, gradually dimmed to murmurings. I was alone. Nothing but clean, sparkling water gently stirred by the afternoon breeze lapped against the sides of the raft. A beautiful bluebottle fly whizzed by. His iridescent wings were caught by the sun's rays. My raft drifted farther away until even the low murmurings of the swimmers melted away into silence. Silence—you do not know its true meaning—the wonderful healing power it has for the nerve-racked mortal of this swift moving age, until you've drifted away on a raft in some cool pond or lake. Another water fly came and alighted right near my head, softly humming to himself. Oh! what a creature! He thrilled me exquisitely. I felt as if I were suddenly whisked to a strange land peopled with unexpectedly marvelous creatures. Silently,

I watched my new acquaintance. Soon, he changed his position, slowly moving his beautiful green filmy wings back and forth. His head shone like beaten gold in the sunlight. Two long, slender, gold horns, curled at the ends, grew out from over his tiny black eyes.

Before I realized it, I began to whisper to him: "You beauty! Did you come down from heaven to see me or are you on your way to some far off fairyland?"

No one was near. I could act just as natural as I wanted to. Did you ever feel as if you could take off that hampering, dull cloak of conventionality and kick your heels up in the air, turn a cart-wheel, talk foolish nonsense to the saucy unhearing pansies in your garden, or just give vent to an ear-splitting yell of unrestrained spirits? Well I felt that way as I went on mumbling unintelligent phrases of wonder, admiration, and love for this wonderful green and gold creature that sparkled and shone like a rare gem. He turned his little head and flickered his gorgeous wings, making me hold my breath for fear that he would fly away; but instead of flying away he turned around slowly and settled down quietly on the edge of the raft.

How could anyone doubt the existence of a loving, kind, sweet Creator and look at such wonders as this right in front of him? I dragged my toes lazily back and forth in the cool water, moved my position so that I could see this new wonder better, and began thinking. I wove a dream about him. Those fanciful summer dreams that make

you forget that you are a mere human. The heavy, imprisoning, every-day problems and needs dropped away, and I felt as light as one of the gauzy wings of my new friend. Unconsciously I began humming to myself, not a jazzy popular tune but one of the sweet, poignant, stirring airs of Schubert's. It fitted right into my mood. For a long time I hummed, dreamed, and watched that shining fly. But soon gentle fingers of sleep closed my eyes, the cool breeze played in the damp hair on my head, and I rocked to and fro on my raft.

It seemed like a very short while that I had been asleep, but by the sun it had been nearly an hour. I aroused myself with a start. The red sun slowly slipped behind the pines that grew on the western edge of the pond. The noisy afternoon swimmers had departed leaving the diving board undisturbed. A few swamp birds called to each other, the cat-tails, standing like sentinels of the swamp, rustled and whispered among themselves. A shiny, green frog frisked about underneath the diving board.

My bathing suit was dry and I felt very lazy but it was getting late and brr-r-r I

just had to go back into that water if I wanted to reach that shore. It seemed more like a mile away than a half mile. I finally made up my mind, slipped off the raft, and started swimming under water for the shore. The cool, freshening water cleared my head, and looking around, I could see tiny silver fish streaking by. The water was tinted green and in places were bright shafts of golden green where the slanting rays of the evening sun shone just right.

I stayed under water until my breath gave out; then I came puffing to the top. With a clean-cut, even, crawl stroke I made the shore in a jiffy; made for the bushes; got into my clothes, and was on my way home in five minutes.

The noisy mill was quiet. The workers had all gone home. Everyone was sitting down to a nice evening meal but me, it seemed. I took one last look at my lonely raft drifting about, the silent diving board, the darting water bugs, and wended my way homeward with a feeling of peace and contentment which seems to come only to those who love nature and keep her close to their hearts.



Verse

THE SKY AT NIGHT

The great, unrolled bolt
Of blue-gray velvet,
 Studded with
Multi-colored rhinestones,
Seems so soft, so satiny,
That I should like
To reach out my hand,—
And stroke it.

Eleanor Johnson.

KNOWING

When Dawn is stealing the night's dark
 shrouds,
And the mist on the mountain peaks
Is fused in the soft grey-white of the clouds
And snowed in the grass at my feet.

A wonderful knowing overwhelms me—
And I feel in this first, cool hush,
That the love of our Father God will be
Merged in human friendship and trust.

Sylvia Hunter

THE FIRST FLOWER

Flower of the hillside,
Alone in thy bower;
What brings you here,
At this early hour?

Who matched these colors,
So pure and so rare?
What hand stitched these robes,
With so perfect care?

Who draped these folds,
A master of arts?
What hand placed you here,
To mellow men's hearts?

Flower of the hillside,
The first of the year;
Can you not answer,
Or can I not hear?

Pearl Bean

God is Everywhere

By D. S.

The air was sweet, too; full of the musky odor of wet earth and leaves—a lovely woodsy smell. Birds all around were peeping and twittering, for the sun was sinking low and it was time to go to rest. I heard a little rustle and turned just in time to see a bob-tailed bunny scamper off into the brush—such a scared little bunny, I never did see. It was such an unexpected sight that I gave a squeal, and in my excitement my other foot slipped into the water, now both shoes were ruined. But what consequence such a trivial matter? I guess the bunny was more excited than I, though, at the great monster who dared to trample his backyard.

A little farther on was an old rotting log, and I went squashing over in my soggy shoes, to lean against it, to drink in the beauty of the coming evening. All over the swamp, bullfrogs croaked and chug-a-runged to their hearts content, in voices all up and down the scale. Now and then a more frolicsome chap would jump into the water with a splash and send baby ripples to the wee shore of his home puddle. The air was getting cool and clear, it was near time to go but the mist seemed to fill me and dull my brain to any thoughts of responsibility of cares,—I was a part of nature and would stay there always in this happy, thoughtful mood, 'midst all God's kingdom of wonders, wonders for those to see who would see, and for those to pass by, who could not see.

My thoughts turned to Milton and his "Il Penseroso." Then, for the first time, I could place myself in the mood in which I imagined him to be when he gave his immortal poem to the world.

"Where is God? God is everywhere." The words, I learned as a small girl. They came to my mind as I stood in a swampland paradise. Why, how true these three words are. He is in every fern and flower, each little hummock and bush; He is in the taunting breeze that blows lightly on the tiny faces of the bluets, and in the blue sky, over all.

From a child, I have always revelled in the swamps and woods—there a pervading peace fills my heart, and I feel light and happy and clean. I am not disturbed by human voices; just the wild life that inhabits such places. I have just come back from such a visit and the same tremulous joy is pulsing through my body. I went for violets, but in my brief visit I saw much more than violets. From the bank, at the top of the declivity, I looked down on a field of bluets, spread like a fading blanket of snow. Ah, but they are sweet little things, so tiny and frail, yet so brave.

A flash of purple caught my eye—my first violet! Then began the breathless race. I would find two or three and just beyond, and a little out of reach there were more, and more. I remembered the story about Europa picking flowers in the meadow, when beyond there was always one more beautiful than the last, until she finally strayed far, and was carried away by the great white bull.

It almost hurt to pull the slender stems with their lovely tops, from the roots that had nursed them all winter; but, somehow, it seemed all right because they were going to make someone happy; and isn't that what God made them for? Cops—my foot slipped from a hummock and went right in that black mud, but never mind, there were some

pretty violets right over there by that little brook. Oh what beautiful things they were, so demure and shy, hiding under a roof of greenery! But what was that? Some feathers! Blue ones, too. Hum-n. Might as well take them home, they were pretty. I guess it must have been a bluejay, yes, and his poor wee skeleton on its burial ground of moss and young green leaves. God even knew when that little bird fell, but from the first days of this old world it has always been the survival of the fittest, and it always will be.

(This essay was written by a member of our senior class as a protest against the essay "God Dies" which won first prize in *The Scholastic* contest, and was published in the "Student Written Number" of *The Scholastic*.) Ed.

FOOTPRINTS

A trodden pathway speaks to me
Of life, and love, and laughter,
Of feet that trod in merry glee—
And staid ones following after.

It speaks of youth and maiden fair,
With arm in arm confiding;
It breathes of tender secrets, rare,
And constant love abiding.

It tells of weariness and care,
Of lagging steps and lonely,
Of tears, and shoulders bent to bear
Life's burdens with humility.

Footprints, pressed upon the earth
To make a beaten pathway,
Shall by other footprints be caressed,
Though they are but a memory.

Sylvia Hunter



A Change In Mind

By GORDON JOHNSON

I lie awake impatiently waiting for silence to settle on the house. Finally, after waiting what seems to be hours, the expected comes. Everyone except myself is asleep.

With utmost caution and with a queer tingling sensation in my knees, probably caused by the excitement and the idea that I may be caught, I get out of bed. Then, crossing the room to the hall door, I listen intently for a moment; and with the skill of long experience in the task, the door opens in my hands without a squeak, a rattle, a bump, or a jar.

I cross the hall, and in another moment start down the groaning stairs, which, despite my many previous experiences, I have failed to master completely.

Through the front room, I softly creep, pausing frequently to listen for sounds from above. To my utter relief none come. I cross to the front door, and step outside.

The air is clear, and the stars and moon look down with their cold light. I turn and pull the door shut. There is a click, and the night latch catches. My bridges are burnt behind me. Well, why should I worry? I'm going to sleep in the shack tonight.

Across the road and into the well-worn track, I send myself and, as I near my destination, a group of trees and small bushes loom ahead of me. It has been a long time since I have slept over here, and it makes me feel sort of funny. I halt, turn, and stare back. I am sure I heard something more. I did. It was the wind wrestling playfully with some dried leaves. I laugh, and continue along the little trail which is so well known to me in the summer months. Suddenly, something whips across my face. I strike back, and then duck low to pass under the low hanging branches. A sickly grin creeps across my face at this moment.

A few yards farther and I come to the

door of the little old shack. It opens when I apply the key, and I step inside cautiously. Everything seems to be in the usual way. Nothing in place, but by the light of my candle it isn't just what I had in my memory.

Well, I'll make the best of things. I arrange some blankets on my couch, and, after taking off my shoes, I start to crawl into bed.

Something is in the bushes outside the window, moving around. I don't dare move. An owl hoots in a tree above. I am shivering. It is not cold. I laugh and shut my eyes. The wind whistles across the roof, causing an awning to flap. I can't sleep. This place is getting on my nerves.

Shall I go home again? I close my eyes again and picture my nice bed inside the house. I open them abruptly. I hear a step on the floor. I see no one. It was only my shoe falling from the foot of my bed.

This place is giving me the creeps. I'm going to go back to the house. I can climb up the front door and crawl in my window, I think; but I certainly can't sleep here.

I put my shoes back on, take the lock, and return it to the door; and, as I step outside, I glance around making sure I'm alone.

I turn down the trail toward the house, and in a very short time I arrive there. Again removing my shoes, I tie them around my neck with the laces and reach up catching on to the cornice at one side of the door. After pulling myself up to the narrow roof-like projection above the door, I reach up again and open the window. Then I crawl head first into my room. I must be doing this very quietly because the family remains asleep.

Soon I'm in my own bed once more, and after a brief review of the past hour and one-half, I must be falling asleep, for I remember nothing more.

Spring!

Spring!



By

MAE NOVELLI

Chilly winds are blowing, streams are swelled with foaming water, brave little birdies venture forth, pussy-willows don their downy gray coats, grass is turning a tender green, trees are sprouting their young leaves, children's voices ring joyously—all these joys bring back to us the most loved season of the year, Spring!

How we love the Spring! After the long shut-in dreary winter, we want to live again. We want to see the trees and flowers and birdies awake and bring us new joys. We want the sun to shine brightly and warmly. We want to run and jump gayly in the wind, and listen to the birds almost burst their throats with joy.

Spring is beautiful! We make many new discoveries about the nest in the old apple orchard, about the beaver building a dam in the old frog pond, about the hen strutting around with her new brood of chicks, about the young colt prancing and dancing in the stony pasture. We wander through the swamps picking long stemmed violets, and listening to the wind sighing through the trees. We watch the young fish swimming about in a clear pool, and we see the frogs snap at early bugs. This is Spring, bringing youth, joy, and happiness.

Even the busy business man, who rarely stops to admire the beauties of nature, stays his step if but for a moment only, and fills his lungs with sweet, clean spring air, and listens to the robin calling to its mate; then he exclaims, "It is fun only to live!"

No longer do we see children in the city streets. They fill the parks and playgrounds, they know it is spring, they love the outdoors. The little country boy makes his first fish-pole and spends a whole day along the old trout brook, returning home for supper with a string of trout, that would do justice to any amateur fisherman. He knows it is Spring, and he loves it!!

Cars fill the highways. Distant country roads are open to traffic once more. Boy Scouts are opening up their camps and starting on long hikes. This is Spring!!

Violets, tulips, and bluets fill the florist's windows. Soft, sweet dresses tempt women's hearts as they pass the shop windows. Life is throbbing everywhere. Everything is overflowing with life. Everybody is all a-flutter, feeling gay and carefree. Everyone is in the L'Allegro mood. This is Spring and mating time.

MOODS

I strive so hard to be happy,
I always try to be gay,
But 'tis hard for me to do this
When gloomy thoughts crowd my day.

The world seems black around me,
I ponder on life and death,
I wonder what I'll ever amount to
Since God has given me breath.

He must have had some reason
For bringing me to earth,
And if this I can discover
I will live a life of mirth.

When Apollo begins his racing
Across the morning sky,
And the dew is all sparkling,
My dark mood passes by.

When I look out of my window
To the shiny world below,
I think how good it is to live
In this world all a-glow.

When I hear the birds singing
In the orchard by the lane,
Then I feel I'd like to cheer
For the world is bright again.

In the middle of the sea of blue
Apollo blinks his eyes,
And the meadow-wheat is waving
Beneath the summer skies.

Beside the tinkling little brook,
The Kingfisher soars from high;
I sit and dream of future-days
And watch the clouds drift by.

As Apollo puts his head down
For a last glimpse of the world,
I watch Diana coming
With her banners all unfurled.

As the night wraps up the world
In a star-lit cloak of black,
I wonder what the morrow will bring
And pray for the courage I lack.

James Wright.

SPRING'S AWAKENING

The sun glistens down on the old apple tree with its sweet scented blossoms, swaying to and fro on the boughs. For one lying on the fresh green grass below, and looking at the clear blue sky, its fleecy clouds rowing by, create an impressive background for the colorful scene. Under the tree, little knots of white violets, dotted with blue, are clustered. Now and then the chirp of a bird comes from the tree. Looking up, I see a small robin, perched on the end of a branch, ready to take flight. His brown back contrasts sharply with the bright orange of his breast. Nearby, the babbling of a brook attracts my attention. Lazily getting to my feet and looking down a little slope, I see a narrow shallow brook. As the sun shines on it, hundreds of tiny diamonds seem to float on its surface, above the clear, golden bottom. Bronze-gold pygmy fish flash swiftly by. The water trickles down the rocks of tan, spotted with black, making little bubbles, like soap suds. Green-plush moss covers the very edge of the brook.

Now the sun is disappearing, leaving the scene a dark gray, as if a curtain is slowly being drawn over it. The wind blows harder, making the boughs swing faster and faster. Then, like an army swooping down on its enemy, the rain descends, thousands of little needles seem to fall into the water and disappear in the sand. I hurriedly run for shelter.

Marguerite Tatro '33.

THE STORM

Then the squall struck us. My uncle pushed the tiller and we headed into the wind and toward Rockaway.

The waves were choppy and high as they are when a northwester blows down New York harbor. The boat rose on the crest of a big wave and crashed down into the trough. It wallowed for a moment, and then, with the bow just above the water, struggled up the next wave and crashed again, the wind blowing the spray back at us and drenching us.

My uncle gave the motor a little more gas and we commenced to crawl along a

(Continued on page 24)

Editorial

A Beautification Effort

From the time that Agawam High School was built, the river bank directly in front of the school and extending to the Agawam Bridge has been the receptacle for countless barrels of ashes, and every conceivable variety of common "junk." The state and town have deposited load after load of stones there. Some of the householders near the river bank have dispensed with their troublesome winter ashes by dumping them over the bank. During the flood of nineteen twenty-seven, large heaps of obtrusive debris were deposited there by the swollen river. Some of the trees along the river had died, leaving a gray skeleton thrust unattractively up into the foliage of the living trees.

The repulsive ugliness of the river bank is in plain view of anyone approaching Agawam from the West Springfield side of the river. The piles of ashes, bleached drift-wood, and gray somber stones are an unsightly foreground for a school as beautiful and as neatly cared for, as Agawam High School.

It is the appearance of such spots as the river bank that prompted the Springfield Union to sponsor the Highway Beautification Contest. They want to arouse in the citizens of our communities a desire to beautify these "eye-sores" which are characteristics of New England highways. Their interest is to make us proud of our local scenery which is viewed by countless numbers of tourists who visit New England each year. As a local example of the interest this contest has aroused, we refer to the efforts of the Agawam Women's Club, which has undertaken the task of beautifying the river bank from the high school to the bridge. They have asked for volunteers to help in this work. The fifty students of Agawam High School who have readily volunteered their services in clearing away

the debris have shown what true Agawam school spirit is. The boys are not only rendering a service to their school and to their community, but they are, also, doing their part to make New England highways more beautiful.

This idea of making the river bank a spot of beauty has been a project long in mind. As far back as nineteen twenty-six, George Clark in his class oration said: "Wouldn't you, next year, like to see the bank of Agawam gay with blossoming shrubs? So would people entering the town, or visiting the Exposition grounds. Why don't we get out there and clean up the bank? The proper planting of shrubs would tend to prevent the erosion of the river bank. To one entering the village over the bridge, its banks would thus be a fitting introduction to Agawam, the beautiful. Why not have a sign at this point saying, 'Leaving West Springfield—Entering Agawam the Beautiful?'"

So let us picture our river bank as clothed in a carpet of green, bordered with blossoming shrubs. Let it be an attraction and not a sight to repel.

Creighton W. Abrams.

Each year the Agawam *Mirror* staff loses some of their hardest workers. So it is with sorrow that we approach the end of our school year. This year the staff has worked especially hard. Those members of the staff who are leaving are: Florence Bradford, Bion Wheeler, Julius Thormeyer, Mae Novelli, Charles Marsh, John Roos, James Wright, Leonard Rising, Harold Roos and Henry Madden. New members of the staff are: Edson Ferrell, Justine Healy, Alfred Goulet, and Vera Alvergini. Further appointments will be made before the end of the school year.

Mirrored Events

A TRIBUTE TO KNUTE ROCKNE

Mr. Phelps in a recent talk to the student body, paid fitting tribute to Knute Rockne, the most universally liked of all football mentors. Mr. Phelps pointed out in his talk the fine philosophy, the high standards, and the never ending good humor that were Knute Rockne's.

A BIRD TALK

Mr. Talbot, field instructor of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, once again visited Agawam High School on May 19, and presented a delightfully interesting talk on birds and bird life. The point of Mr. Talbot's talk was that anybody may enjoy birds anywhere.

A WAY TO COLLEGE THROUGH 4-H MEMBERSHIP

On April 14, Mr. Patton, County Agent for the Hampden County Improvement League, spoke to the student body on the advantages of 4-H Club work.

"The members of this organization," he said, "learn to rely upon themselves and to accept responsibilities. If a boy or girl has a hidden talent, club work aids in bringing it to light."

According to Mr. Patton, everyone has "Acres of Diamonds" in his own backyard, but he must be careful in choosing the correct method to develop these "Acres."

The speaker emphasized the fact that 4-H work offers a solution to the problem of obtaining money for further education. Mr. Patton illustrated this fact by referring to members of the high school who have already accumulated sizeable bank accounts.

GIRLS' "GYM" EXHIBIT

On April 30, the girls of the entire school participated in a well-attended "Gym" exhibit, under the able direction of Miss Edgell. The girls are to be congratulated on their fine dancing and apparatus work. The feats performed on the horses, and on the rings was commendable. The girls who danced wore appropriate and interesting costumes.

The exhibition was the result of the hard work of a school-year.

JUNIOR PROM

Swaying festoons of lacy paper hanging from the ceiling, rows of bright colored flowers bordering the once barren walls, life-like roses twining themselves about large trellises over the doors, a white picket fence peeking over the tops of flowers across the balcony, an old well surrounded by hollyhocks, a birch-wood bench, and subdued lights! Back of the orchestra, a cozy little white cottage peers from behind green trees, and flowers and shrubs grow over the white picket fence. Gracefully swaying evening gowns, white flannels, and the quickening strains of dance music! This was the atmosphere of our high school auditorium on the evening of Friday, May 15, as the Junior Class gave their Junior Prom in honor of the departing seniors. Members of the Junior Class and Miss Eleanor Miller, the class adviser, may well be proud of the work they did in making it one of the most beautiful of all the Proms held at the high school.

CANTATA: THE COURTSHIP OF MYLES STANDISH

The seventh grade music classes presented before the Parent-Teacher's Association on May 13th, and again on the following day, before the entire student body, a cantata based on Longfellow's, "The Courtship of Myles Standish."

The events of the cantata occurred in Plymouth. It is in three scenes; the first taking place in the cabin of Myles Standish and John Alden; the second in the cabin of Priscilla, with one episode in John Alden's cabin; and the last, in the Plymouth council meeting and the cabin of Priscilla and John Alden.

The principle parts in the play were taken by Ruth Smith, Joseph Bradley, Vincent Gallerani, David Novelli, and Charles Galvin.

The hearty applause of the audience was well deserved, for the careful work of both the director Miss Annette Dealy, and the class was very evident in the clear enunciation and excellent interpretation.

NOISELESS TYPEWRITING DEMONSTRATION

On May 4, the junior and senior members of the typewriting department had the privilege of witnessing a demonstration of the new Remington Noiseless Typewriter. Miss Mabel A. Goguen of the Remington Rand Business Service conducted this demonstration using both the standard and noiseless typewriters. Miss Goguen pointed out the trend of modern business to eliminate unnecessary noise and the advantages of noiseless typewriters. She stressed particularly the correct position at the typewriter and the rhythm which is necessary to speed writing. Miss Goguen wrote 134 words for one minute with the apparent ease of one writing half that number.

Two exhibitions were recently held in Mrs. Smith's room by the pupils of the Special Class, 7th grade, with a program each night. The members of this class are to be congratulated on their very fine work. Among the articles exhibited were dresses made by the girls, decorated pottery, a colorful Russian table cloth, wall-hangings, and two book cases and a chair made for Mr. Williams.

ANOTHER RECORD BEATEN

The twelfth annual meeting of the Connecticut Valley Commercial Teachers' Association was held Saturday, May 16, at the new Westfield High School with about 120 attending the all-day sessions. The usual speed and accuracy tests in shorthand and typewriting were conducted in the morning while a very exciting and harrowing spelling contest took place in the afternoon, after which contest, followed the awarding of the prizes. Luncheon was served the officials and participants in the tests, in the cafeteria of the high school.

To quote from the Springfield *Union*:

"Perhaps the most exceptional record to be established by any one high school was set yesterday by the representatives from the Agawam High School when participants secured seven awards in all, including all three awards in the 15-minute typewriting contest. The following are the winners of the various tests as announced following the business session:

Miss Grace Sullivan of Westfield, the 100-word one-minute shorthand cup; Miss Christine Sullivan of Chicopee, second; and Miss Anna Szmrst of Chicopee, third; Miss Mildred Mosseau of Turners Falls, 80-word, five-minute shorthand test; second, Miss Christine Sullivan of Chicopee and third, Miss Mary Nims of Brattleboro, Vt. The team representing the Brattleboro High School won the association team cup for shorthand.

Miss Lorraine Wilson of Agawam High School won the one-minute perfect typewriting test, writing 92.6 words per minute without error. Miss Broggi, also of Agawam High School took first prize in the 15-minute typewriting test, writing 83 net words per minute. Lorraine Wilson was runner-up, writing 73.4 words per minute, and Louise Meyer, also of Agawam won third place in the same group, writing 68 words per minute.

This group was awarded the C. V. C. T. A. cup in typewriting, to be held for one year. The association typewriting cup was also awarded to Agawam High School for having a higher average than any other team.

ORCHESTRA CONCERT

The annual orchestra concert given by the orchestras of the Junior and Senior High Schools and the Glee Club, on May 20, under the direction of Miss Perry was a great success.

George Hart, the guest pianist from Central High, accompanied by his instructor Harry W. Kellogg, received a hearty acclamation from the appreciative audience.

The program follows:

Spirit of Progress.....	Greenwald
Orchestra	
American Fantasy, arranged by members of the orchestra.	
Chorus and Orchestra	
Cello Solo, Cantabile from "Samson and Delilah"	Saint-Saens
Grace Brady	
Ancien Menuet.....	Amani
Country Dance.....	Beethoven
Mazurka.....	Chopin
Orchestra	
Morning.....	Speaks
Come to the Fair.....	Martin
Chorus	
Saxophone Solo.....	Valse Vanite
Charles Marsh	
Prelude L'Arlesienne Suite No. 1.....	Bizet
Orchestra	
Intermission	
March	
Minuet	
Melody in F.....	Rubinstein
The Junior High School Orchestra	
Concerto in D Minor.....	Mendelssohn
George Hart	
Orchestra parts on second piano Harry W. Kellogg	
Morning Invitation.....	Veazie
Senior Choir	
Two Waltzes.....	Brahms
On the Mall.....	Goldman
Orchestra	

COMMENCEMENT

The senior class of 1931 is the largest class ever to be graduated from the Agawam High School. The class has done commendable work in school and in social activities. Of its sixty-four members, fifteen per cent are Pro Merito students. They are, Florence Bradford, Nellie Davis, Irene Gavoni, Charles Marsh, Mae Novelli, John Roos, Bion Wheeler, Verda Fitzgerald, Louise Meyer, and Julius Thormeyer.

The commencement program promises to be exceptionally good this year. The school has been especially fortunate in getting for the commencement speaker, Dr. Henry H. Tweedy of the Divinity School, Yale University.

Clifford M. Granger will award the diplomas to the students on graduation night, which will be on June eleventh. Mr. Phelps will award the customary prizes on the same night.

COMMENCEMENT MUSIC

Miss Perry who has charge of the commencement music has arranged an attractive program. On graduation night, the high school orchestra will play the "Bohemian Girl" overture. A chorus will sing "Sanctus" by Gounod. The girls' chorus will sing antiphonally. The "Festival March" and the "American Youth" by Cadman and Caner respectively, will be played by the orchestra.

On class night the senior girls' choir will sing, and Charles Marsh will give a saxophone solo.

COMMENCEMENT EXHIBITS

The commencement exhibits which are to be given by the art department, the manual training department, and the domestic science department, promise to excel even the splendid display of last year. The manual training department under the direction of Mr. Dacey has done some fine work this year and the exhibit will be in the gymnasium as is customary.

Pupils of the art department, under the able direction of Miss Crowley, have made some excellent book covers and book plates. They have also done some clever works in pencil sketching. They did a little in the study of anatomy. Irene Govoni drew some excellent studies in this work. The pupils made a study of color and its application to dress designs and home furnishings.

Several promising young artists of both the Junior and Senior High School did excellent work on the poster for the Senior Play and the operetta "The China Shop." These talented persons are Hazel Bennett, Dorothy Smith, Sylvia Hunter, Robert Barney and Andrew Gallano.

(Continued on page 22)

Seedlings

Junior High Page

SPRING

We've said good-bye to winter;
And the Spring has come along,
The birds are coming north-ward,
To cheer us with their song.

The grass looks green as emerald,
And the flowers of the May,
Are here to bid us welcome,
As we stroll along their way.

The small folks of the forest, too,
Are glad to romp and sing,
As the sun drives out old Jack Frost,
And brings to us the Spring.
Madelyn Sullivan, '34

SPRING IN AGAWAM

Arriving home from school on a warm April day I changed into old clothing and rambled out into the woods which border the Connecticut River. Standing on the timbered banks I viewed nature's charms.

The blue-green bosom of the river slid ocean-ward in gentle swells with a soft swish-swashing like the swirl of a dancer's skirts when pirouetting about the stage.

All nature was clothed in the blooming garb of spring. From the velvet carpet of grass, sweet scented violets lifted their delicately coloured heads toward the flaming sun which hung in the blue heavens, surrounded by fleecy clouds.

In the air, high above me, circled a flock of wild geese, quacking loudly.

In the trees behind me the feathered folk were singing their songs of joy and gladness happy to be back once more in their northern homes. They seemed to be proclaiming to everyone, "Spring is here."

Blanche Barden, '34

THE SCARE

It was the end of my first hike and I was walking home alone in the dark, cool night. The wind was humming softly through the trees as if somebody was singing a lullaby.

The woods seemed full of mysterious sounds. The trees swayed, twigs snapped, and the birds moved about restlessly in the trees above my head. From the road behind, an automobile flashed its light. Then suddenly, without noise, a shadow crept by my side. I was very frightened and many thoughts ran through my mind. What was the shadow?

The faster I walked, the faster the shadow followed me. Shivers ran up and down my back. The groaning of the wind and cracking of the branches caused me to shudder.

The automobile passed me and no shadow was seen. I stopped to think, and finally decided that it was my own shadow.

Donald Gensheimer, '34

CURRENT EVENTS CLUB

The Current Events Club, under the leadership of Mrs. Phillips, has completed another season, with the annual picnic held at King Philip's Stockade, Springfield.

Games and prizes were in charge of the President, John Schutt, and Miss Marion Schwartz and her social committee served the refreshments.

The club has held one meeting each month in the Assembly hall. Part of each meeting was spent in discussing current event topics and the rest of the program consisted of musical selections, readings, recitations, and tap dancing.

The club had a delightful Christmas party in the gymnasium, and had one skating and hot dog party at Mill Pond.

The club is composed of seventy-five enthusiastic members of the Junior High School.

Alumni

It has been customary among graduating classes for some member to write the class prophecy. We wonder how many have come true.

Class of '27

Lawrence Houlahan—will graduate from Notre Dame. The prophet said that Lawrence would be a professional baseball player, but as he has not been an active baseball candidate at Notre Dame we disagree with the prophet.

Hazel Marsh—has disappointed the prophet again because she is not editor-in-chief of a newspaper, but is busy keeping house.

Preston Leonard—the prophet continues to gaze and tells us Preston will become a monk. He graduates from St. John's this year but has kept his future a secret from us.

Dorothy Skinner—her name has not been found on musical comedy programs as the wise prophet said but she is a very serious business woman working in Connecticut.

Class of '28

Nella Baily—the prophet proves true because he said Nella would become a school-teacher and she did, teaching in Vermont last year. But he didn't look far enough. She has recently announced her engagement to Clarence Bangs of South Newfaine, Vermont, who is assistant manager in Dunham Brothers' Shoe Store. The wedding will take place on June 7, in Vermont.

Laura Van Deusen is not aeroplaning in Europe as prophesied but is working at the Massachusetts Mutual.

Louis Ferrarini—so the prophet said, would become as good a salesman as any, for the Hadley Liniment Co. He is manager for the Agawam Eagles.

Class of '30

Vera Brown—hasn't yet become a senator from this state as the prophet said she would be. She is reporting Feeding Hills news for the West Springfield newspaper. She is also a leader of the 4-H garden club.

It was our desire in this issue of the Agawam *Mirror* to bring in the names of all former staff members under alumni news.

However, our files and the files at the office are so incomplete that the desired data could not be procured. Realizing that we are fast losing connections with our alumni, the Agawam *Mirror* hereby announces the purpose of reconstructing these broken bonds. Alumni! we want your cooperation.

Fern Miller.

To the Class of 1931:

A few days ago I received a letter from a former classmate, reminding me that my class is graduating in June, this year. I remember everyone, and I feel very unhappy to think that I will not be among you on June 11th. I have often thought of writing a letter to the class, but I am concentrating so, on becoming a good Italian, that I have almost forgotten how to write English.

I have to go every day to the Convent to receive my lessons in Italian from the Nuns. Although, I am not a "regular" student in the Convent, meaning I do not live there, it is most necessary that I obey the rules of the school, which are very severe.

I am making a supreme effort to become a good musician. In fact, my teacher was very pleased with me, for, recently, I played 1st violin in the opera "Tosca."

Although my utmost desire is to be back at Agawam, I must admit that I really love Italy. The past summer, I spent my summer vacation in the City of Acqui which is noted for its "boiling springs." Being of an inquisitive turn of mind, one day I decided to taste this water which seems to cure people as if by magic, but to my surprise, I found it the most unpleasant tasting water I had ever drunk. The source of this hot spring has never been located. Men are employed here to sell this water which is very expensive, because of its mystical source and its almost unhuman curable effect.

As a whole, I enjoy my home in Italy very much.

I wish to extend my best wishes to all the members of the class of '31.

A former classmate,
Libia Rovelli.

Athletics

CHARLES MARSH

and

WALTER MOSELEY

BASKETBALL

Agawam 17—Turners Falls 13

On March 4th, Agawam matched its strength against Turners Falls in the first game of the M. A. C. Tournament and came through with a 17-13 victory. The game was close all through; but with fine defensive work, which kept the opponents score down, and with Jones' good playing, Agawam grabbed the victory.

Hopkins Academy 17—Agawam 9

On March 6, Agawam was eliminated from further competition in the tournament when it met defeat at the hands of Hopkins Academy, by a score of 17-9. The first half gave Agawam an 8-4 lead, but the next half was all Hopkins', and with Wentzel running wild, Hopkins scored 13 points to a lone 1 for Agawam.

Agawam 17—Alumni 6

On March 20, Agawam defeated the Alumni, the team that won the M. A. C. championship last year, by a score of 17-6. Daly and Benoit featured for the winners while Arnold excelled for the Alumni.

BASEBALL

Chicopee 11—Agawam 5

On April 22, Agawam played Chicopee for the first game of the season, at Chicopee; and Agawam was beaten by a score of 11-5. Stanley Nacewicz scored two runs for Agawam and Kosub and Galuska featured for Chicopee.

Chicopee 8—Agawam 7

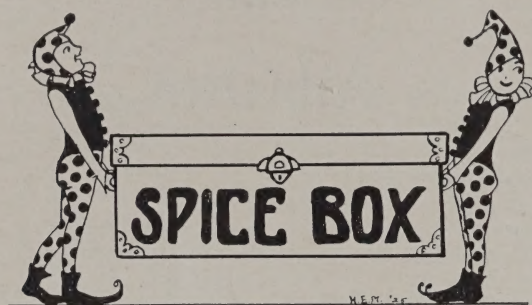
On April 30, Agawam again met Chicopee, this time at Agawam and although our boys showed some important improvements and Rioux did some fine hitting, Agawam was defeated by one run.

Ludlow 4—Agawam 2

On May 11, the Agawam team made a trip to Ludlow and was beaten by a score of 4-2. This was the first league game of the season.

Palmer 3—Agawam 1

On May 12, Agawam played at Palmer and was defeated by a score of 3-1. Agawam's weak hitting was the main cause for the defeat. Each team collected two hits.



Crown Him!

Miss Smith: "The coronation chair in Westminster Abbey is kept roped off so that no visitor may sit in it."

Alfred Goulet: "If anyone did sit in it they would be crowned, wouldn't they?"

PROGRESS?

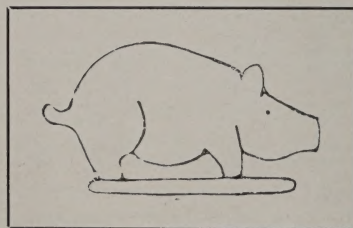
Miss Button to Tony Zerra who was resting his head on a pile of books on his desk: "You don't expect to make *Headway* thus do you?"

SOME GAUL

Miss M. translating a passage in Latin, slowly. "The Gauls made some of their shields from interwoven—"

(Murmur from the depth of the class)
"Socks!"

THE MASCOT



WHEN THE WORM TURNED

At a recent meeting of the Hi-Y club the guest speaker told the following story.

The Dean is speaking to a student to whom he has just refused a day off. "I don't suppose you think much of me now do you?"

Student: "Certainly not."

Dean: "I suppose that you will come back to your beloved Alma Mater when you become an old man and take a kick at my gravestone?"

Student: "No sir, I don't think I will; you see I never cared much about standing in line."

Here's Miss McIntire's mascot

Nobly he does his work;
Proving to all in the contest
Agawam girls never shirk.

Saturday he went to Westfield,
Twelve of the girls went too;
Saturday he came back from Westfield
With nobody crying "Boo-hoo."

For out of the sixteen prizes
Our girls had taken seven,
"Piggy" had hogged all of these trophies
And it seemed to him like Heaven.

Exchanges

We call the attention of our student body to the fact that most interesting exchanges from members of our own league, and from schools in various part of the country are kept in the school library.

Art students will find the March number of *Red and White*, Lake View High, Chicago, Ill., especially pleasing. The theme is deep sea life and the cover is most artistic as are the many illustrations for the various articles.

For poetry lovers, we quote from the Westfield High School *Herald* what we feel is a beautiful tribute to a lost schoolmate.

In Memory of Richard Crane

'Tis often said that beauty never dies,
And that which once has thrilled, can never fade;
And so, though you have gone, remembrance made
More sweet by time, bids tears again arise
And dreams of well-remembered harmonies
That in the past your gifted fingers played
On strings of gold. The strings are broke, the ties
That held you fast to life remain unsnapped,
For though the instrument is gone, the song
Still echoes in our hearts, and we, enrapt
By that sweet charm, shall hold the future-long
Your memory, and after this is gone—
The melody as sweet will still live on.

Rollin C. Mack, Jr.

Of interest to the Latin Club and to the Latin classes, will be the May issue of the Ware *Alligator*, for it is a Virgillian number. The articles are excellent reading.

Students in history classes will enjoy reading *Laboremus*, the publication of the Albanian Vocational School. (An English translation accompanies each article.) The May number has an account of Albanian songs and dances.

Some Word

Teacher: "What is an etymologist?"

Eleanor Johnson: "An etymologist is a skin specialist."

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(Continued from page 16)

The domestic science department under Mrs. Aldrich has prepared a noteworthy exhibit of the work done. Several girls from both the Junior and Senior High School have entered the annual dress making contest in Springfield and we sincerely hope that Agawam High School will prove its high standards as it has done in previous years.

TEACHERS' PLANS

As this goes to press, some of the members of the High School faculty are undecided regarding their plans for the summer vacation. Others have made decisions. Miss Mansfield and Miss Crowley expect to attend Boston University. Miss Mansfield will continue the study of French, and Miss Crowley will study the Fine Arts. Miss Edgell will attend Wellesley. Miss Phealan is planning to study at Harvard. Mr. Mosely, who remains on duty all summer, will commute to Amherst during July for the summer course at Massachusetts State College. Mr. Harmon Smith is also thinking of attending summer school. Mr. Dacey will also study at M. S. C., as will Miss McIntire upon her return from a vacation in Vermont. Miss Lynch, Miss Powers, and Miss Perry will attend the Connecticut Valley Division of Boston University which gives summer courses at Springfield College. At the end of the course, Miss Powers will visit the White Mountains and the Great Lakes. Miss Perry will then be at home in New Hampshire.

Recreation through travel or through a change in work is making its appeal. Mr. Williams, after terminating his course at Massachusetts State College, will visit Vermont and New Hampshire. Miss Button will spend her time at her summer home in Wallingford, Vermont, gardening, reading, and writing. Mr. Hadley is undecided, but thinks that in all probability he will return to flying. Miss Belyea will be in Maine. Mr. Harris will combine business with pleasure at Camp Mashnee, Cape Cod, where he will teach shop-work to the young men at this camp. Miss Dorothy Smith and Miss Miller are planning to go to California by automobile. Mrs. Phillips is also planning an automobile trip. She is going to Virginia.

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(Continued from page 12)

little faster. I lifted the remaining bait tub, and, almost falling down several times, carried it to the stern of the boat where its mates were resting. Bump! A piece of driftwood was thrown against us. Splash! We hit that wave a little corner-wise and the water came back with the driving force of the wind behind it. The motor sputtered but kept on going. It was given a little more gas and we forged along at about eight miles an hour.

Once we hit a wave that made us stop for a moment; we were not a bit sure whether our bow would come out or not, but we made it. When I had the chance, I looked up to see how we were heading, and discovered that we had just come under the lee of Rockaway.

Richard Shields, '33.

I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain, what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an "honest man."—*George Washington*.

Toil, says the proverb, is the sire of fame.—*Euripedes*.

Every man is like the company he is wont to keep.—*Euripedes*.

Love truth, but pardon error.—*Voltaire*.

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"How is that?"

"Before marriage she listened while I talked, during the honeymoon she talked and I listened, but now we both talk and the neighbors listen."—*Hummel, Hamburg.*

A Predicament

"Mummy," said little Betty, "When I get married, will it be to a man like Daddy?"

"Of course, darling."

"But if I don't get married, shall I be like Auntie, then?"

"Yes, dear, you will."

The little girl sighed wearily.

"My stars," she murmured, "what a fix!"—*Pearson's.*

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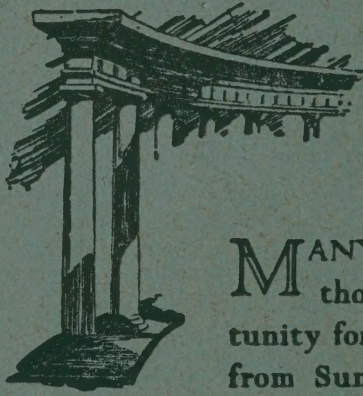
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